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ATTEMPTS

IN

VERSE;

BY J. H. RICKETT.

———"fruitless is the attempt,
By dull obedience, and by creeping toil
Obscure, to conquer the severe ascent
Of high Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath
Must fire the chosen genins; nature's hand
Must string his nerves, and imp his eagle-wings,
Impatient of the painful steep, to soar
High as the summit; there to breathe at large
Ethereal air: with bards and sages old,
Immortal sons of praise."———

AKENSIDE.

LEEK:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY G. NALL, BOOKSELLER.

1829.



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THE FOLLOWING

ATTEMPTS IN VERSE,

ARE

DEDICATED

TO THE

AUTHOR'S AFFECTIONATE MOTHER;

AS A SMALL

BUT GRATEFUL TOKEN

OF HIS AFFECTION;

BY HER VERY DUTIFUL SON,

J. H. RICKETT..

841674



P R E F A C E.

THE following poetical effusions were originally written by the Author (who is yet in his minority) for amusement, without any view to publication ; but having been frequently solicited to make them public, he has at length complied. He presents them to his friends with extreme diffidence, being conscious of their many imperfections. The Author feels himself unqualified to meet the criticisms of the present age, having merely received the common routine of an English education. It is with great reluctance he appears before the public in the character of

an Author ; but he hopes his youth, and the disadvantages he has laboured under, will be duly considered.

As he had the misfortune to lose his Father when he was only three years old, he was left to the care of his relations ; and since the early period of fifteen, has had to provide for himself ; therefore it cannot be supposed that a youth who has had to encounter the difficulties of life when most young men are under the protection of their parents ; and to be actively engaged in the pursuit of business for the means of subsistence, should be able to produce compositions equal to those who have passed their lives in the retirement of study, and in the acquisition of classical erudition. The Author has had no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Classics ; and but little means for study. He

has published the productions of his youth, to enable him to prosecute his studies, and to contribute to his pecuniary necessities. He is aware that many Poets and Prose Writers of the present day have enumerated in their preface various disadvantages, which they have informed us retarded them from pursuing their studies, for the purpose of gaining popularity; but this is not the case with the Author:—the circumstances he has briefly mentioned are facts; and those who know him best have expressed their surprise that he should be able to write with any degree of propriety, in the midst of a complication of troubles, and to continue to do so through a series of the same.

Every lover of genius and native talent must lament with the Author, the apparent neglect manifested by those who should be

the Patrons of the Muse. In some instances genius has been encouraged and rewarded; but in general it is much neglected. If unrefined by human learning, it is left to wither and die, while the rich and the noble (however profane their works) are elevated to the pinnacle of fame. As a farther apology for the defects of the Volume, the Author has to state, that it was published in great haste; but the errors he alludes to, he will be able to correct in a subsequent edition. He thinks it superfluous to make any more remarks, therefore leaves them to the candour of his friends, soliciting their lenity and indulgence.

J. H. RICKETT.

Leek, Staffordshire,
1828.

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ETERNITY.

ARGUMENT.

Subject proposed.—Invocation.—Time, its shortness.—The pre-existence of Eternity before the world, which leads to the contemplation of the pre-existence of God, as the Author of all things.—Creation of Angels.—Creation of the world.—God approves his works.—Creation of Man.—The Muse having treated upon the Eternity that was before the world, proceeds to notice the Eternity that lies before us.—The relation Man bears to Eternity as an immortal being.—A description of Hell.—The nature and duration of its torments.—The Angel sealing the Gates of the bottomless pit.—A description of Heaven.—The nature and duration of its happiness.—The Poem concludes with reflections on the momentous concerns of Eternity.

ETERNITY.

I SING Eternity with all its pomp,
Magnificence, and awe. Mysterious theme !
Too potent for minds create, unaided
By Pow'rs etherial ; the mighty subject
Enchains the Muse and will not let her soar,
So great, so awful is the theme ! Away,
Ye sons of Pleasure, ye dissipated,
Godless race, who revel at th' mid-night bowl,
And drown your senses with th' oblîvious cup ;
While Demons laugh, and Angels your madness

See :—Go join the Bacchanalian song,
 I have no charms for you ; the theme I sing
 Is pregnant with all that's solemn, sacred,
 And profound : it awes the hopeless miscreants
 In the Stygian pit, and makes e'en Angels
 Solemn, while men think it folly to be grave.

Awake ye Pow'rs, who sweep the golden lyre !
 And swell the anthem of eternal praise,
 Inspire my Muse in her adventurous flight,
 And cast your mantle o'er the pensive Maid :
 'Tis not the Nymphs who haunt fair Tempe's vale
 I now invoke ; but Thee, O Spirit ! whose
 All-pervading mind broods o'er the darkness
 Of a breathing world, and gives it life. While
 I soar in Imagination's car, through
 The illimitable space of ether,
 Where viewless spectres wing their mystic rounds,
 Or where revolving worlds roll in liquid light,—
 Aid thou my daring Muse, and guide my feet

Through Thought's airy regions up to the throne
 Of God. Angels, who breathe empyreal air,
 And with unclouded eyes behold the world
 Of spirits at one glance, reveal to me
 The mystic wonders of Eternity,
 And chase away this death-like night. And thou,
 Primeval Silence! who wast ere Time his
 Proud race began, come with thy magic wand,
 And calm the tumult of my wak'ning mind;
 Brood o'er my spirit, for I love thy reign.
 'Tis the noon of night, not a breeze whispers
 Through the air, but all is still; the gurling brook
 Ripples silent down its meand'ring bed,
 The cloudless moon, refulgent lamp of night,
 Mantles the dewy plain, and sylvan grove,
 While all creation slumbers in the arms
 Of Heaven. Come from thy throne, ill-fated Nymph,
 And on thy eagle-wings transport the Muse
 To ancient Night, when Chaos reign'd; for thou
 Then didst sit above the void, and sawest
 The shapeless world.

I sing Eternity,—

Which was, and is, and ne'er shall cease to be,
 Her offspring Time is but a joyless dream ;
 A link, dropp'd from th' mighty chain of ages ;
 A day, cut off from the great Sire of years ;
 A stream, from the primeval source, that flows
 Through the maze of generations, then falls
 Into the wide ocean, and is no more !

Let the Sage from some sky-clad eminence
 Count the years as they roll their ample rounds ;
 Let him begin from when th' infant sun first
 Shot his beams through the trees of Paradise,
 And note the years as they roll along ; 'till
 The mighty Angel, rising from his seat,
 Fixes one foot upon the trembling world,
 The other on the frightened seas, and swears
 With trumpet-voice, that **TIME SHALL BE NO MORE !**
 And let him bring the mighty aggregate
 Of years with all their pomp, and what is time

E'en then?—'Tis but a dream! 'tis gone, and leaves
 The wretch to mourn his mis-spent years. Who then
 Would live as if Time was Eternity,
 As if their pleasures would for ever last?
 He that lives only for time, lives for nought;—
 There is no happiness below, but what
 Eternity must ripen, consummate,
 And perpetuate for ever. Time, while' it
 Lasts, is precious, but the bliss of 'Time' is short;
 The business of Eternity is Man's
 Prerogative!

Eternity! great Sire
 Of years, no birth-day ever knew, but was
 When 'Time began his course. Ere stars glitter'd
 In the throne of night, or ere the young sun
 Spread his golden beams o'er wild creation;
 Eternity, great King of days, revel'd
 In unbounded space, and reign'd the monarch
 Of Primeval Night! From everlasting

This great fount of years existed i' th' mind
 Of Deity, ere worlds roll'd in ether.
 No Angel can fathom Eternity's
 Profound, or mensurate the great abyss,
 Then vain is the attempt, my daring Muse,
 To sing th' immortal theme ; but while I sing
 I feel the subject to exalt my soul.

Eternity is the temple, dwelling-place,
 And throne of God ; before revolving worlds
 Turn'd on their mighty axis, or ere Angels
 Breath'd ethereal air, the GREAT ETERNAL
 Reign'd in cloudless light,—the self-existent,
 Sempiternal God ! From his august throne
 He spoke, and cherubic legions before' Him
 Stood. Angels, bright emanations from the mind
 Of God, at his behest rose into be'ing,
 Obsequious to' his will.

Now the Creator,
 Primordial King ! was bent on mighty deeds,
 Happy' in himself, he sought that happiness
 T' impart to others. Behold him brooding
 O'er th' formless deep, where dread Confusion reigns ;
 His pregnant mind contemplates wond'rous acts,
 While Darkness, sister of Primeval Night,
 Sits upon the prostrate deep ; but now, light
 Diffus'd its beams thwart the shapeless void,
 And day appear'd. He spread the heav'ns, and bade
 Earth stand fast on her foundation ; from His
 Beneficence the world receiv'd its beauty ;
 He hung the Æolian spheres in ether,
 And fill'd the lamp of day with beauteous light.
 He bade the Seasons rule the varied year,
 And at his command all nature rose in
 Peerless majesty. From the new-made world
 Stream'd delightful fragrance, such as perfumes
 The fields of Heaven, ascending to the skies,
 A grateful sacrifice : while fruits and flow'rs,
 And th' animate creation, gave Him praise.

Now the great antemundane Sire, the King
 Eternal! from his lofty throne smil'd on
 Th' infant universe, and pronounc'd it "*good.*"
 His all-inspiring look created bliss,
 Such bliss as Angels feel above, who live
 Imparadis'd in Heaven. 'Tis bliss indeed
 To live beneath Jehovah's cloudless smile;
 E'en senseless nature seems to feel his glance!

But pause, my daring Muse,—th' omnific Word
 Is bent on mightier deeds than these; He now
 Designs to make a being like himself,
 Sinless, immaculate, and pure: a king
 Subordinate, governour of the world,
 And Lord of the creation. He speaks,
 And lo!—the likeness of himself appears;
 Then to complete the wonders of his hands,
 He spoke again, and Eve, fairest Mother
 Of our race, came forth to crown the whole. Great
 Are the works of God! they bear the impress

Of his hands. He breath'd, and light from darkness
 Sprang. He spoke, and beauty rose from the ruins
 Of chaotic night! In these his creatures
 Where the pow'rs of generation, so that
 When he beheld the work complete, and pronounc'd
 It good; He from the labour of his hands
 Retir'd, and Nature obey'd the dictates
 Of her Lord. Still He supports the whole, or
 This beauteous fabric to' darkness would return,
 And hide its head in oblivion and death!

Such are thy works, supernal King! Thou who
 Didst lie in Eternity's fair bosom,
 And saw'st matter inanimate rise' into
 Life, and diffuse itself in varied forms,
 Obsequious to thy word.

Eternity!

Amazing thought! how it expands the mind,

And wings the meditative soul. Yes, here
 The proud genius, with all his giant-pow'rs,
 May soar in unbounded latitude, through
 Regions of eternal space. Back he may
 Look, 'till he reaches Time's first morn, and then
 From the naked precipice, dauntless,
 Plunge into Eternity's wide ocean ;
 And when his bark arrives on th' mighty deep,
 Then he may sail through unknown space, and try
 To find her first great birth-day ; but alas !
 The task baffles his philosophic skill.
 Think of a world that ne'er knew biginning,
 But was from everlasting, ere the stars
 Glitter'd in the sky, contemporary
 With the Primordial God ; and how can
 Finite beings its nature comprehend ?

Thus have I sang the great Eternity
 That was before the world's foundation stood
 • On her mighty basis, now let me sing

Th' One that lies conceal'd, in Futurity's
 Tenebrious womb ; for this belongs to Man,
 The other to the Sempiternal God.

Let me stand on the world's last wreck, and view
 The mighty sea that waits to swallow up
 The stream of time: what an unbounded ocean
 Presents itself before my ravish'd sight !
 None slumber here, all are wide awake : those
 Who slept the day of life away, now sleep
 No more, nor dream of visionary bliss !

Oh ! what an ocean is Eternity !
 Think of ten thousand, thousand ages ; what
 Is that ? for when those years have roll'd away,
 Eternity's the same ! Amazing thought !
 And does Eternity belong to Man ?
 It does ! There was a time when Man was not,
 But he shall never cease to be ! Long as

The ETERNAL breathes empyreal air, Man
 Must exist ; his years parallel with th' age
 Of Deity, shall never find their end !
 Commensurate with the Eternal God,
 His soul must ever live in happiness
 Or woe ! There is a deathless principle
 In Man, viewless, immortal ; a spark struck
 Off from the PRIMEVAL MIND ; a beam dropp'd
 From the ETERNAL SUN ; a living ray,
 From Heav'ns resplendant Orb. Essence divine !
 Made in the mould of Deity', a transcript
 Of himself, incorporeal ; and pure 'till
 Man by transgression fell :—but now, alas !
 The magnific fabric in ruin lies,
 Stript of its beauty ; once heav'nly and fair,
 Now all deformity and sin. Though God
 Beholds his spotless image on the soul
 Effac'd ; still he loves the immortal spark,
 Which ne'er can be' annihilated : to Man
 Nonentity does not belong, he must
 Exist when the sideral spheres are all

Extinguish'd in Eternal Night ; when worlds
 On worlds are buried in Oblivion's dark grave' !
 Eternity is Man's great president,
 His citadel, his temple, and his throne !

And is there an Eternity that's dark
 As the chaotic night ? Alas, there is !
 And if light beams on the tenebrious deep,
 'Tis but the flame' of ten-fold vengeance streaming
 From the blood-red eye of God, to augment
 Their woe. Sulpherous light'ning darts its beams
 Athwart th' interminable gloom, while from
 The flaming caverns of the dismal pit,
 Quenchless fire belches forth, and pours its rage
 Upon the hopeless damn'd. See from the gates
 That close these dark regions, a flaming stream
 Descends ; 'tis the wrath of God that's pour'd out
 Upon the dread inhabitants ; now it falls
 Upon their agitated souls :—how they writhe',
 And roll their burning limbs in liquid fire !

Oh ! what a gulf profound ! a deep without
 A bottom ; shoreless and wide is the dread
 Abyss ! When the impenitent descend
 The dark, unknown profundity of Hell,
 Down they sink, and always sink, but never
 Can they fathom this tremendous sea' of fire !
 Behold in the centre of this dungeon
 Drear, the conquered Dragon ; see how he foams,
 He shakes his ponderous chain ; his restless tongue
 Labours to' impeach the Majesty of Heaven ;
 His mighty limbs are strong in vain ; his shield
 Of adamant defends no more ; and all
 His armour lies by his nerveless arm. See
 How his flaming eyes glare with malevolence' ;
 A quenchless Hell burns in his raging mind !
 His sonorous roar, like the loud thunder
 Of a falling world, shakes Tophet's pillows,
 And gives acuteness to the pains of Hell !
 Hark, how his minions howl ! such agony
 Distorts their features, if features here
 Are visible, and fills their vitals with pain,

Excruciating. Peace cannot reign in these
 Dark regions, and Hope, inspiring Maid, never
 Dwelt in Tophet. Good is ever absent,
 And Evil always present with the damn'd !

All is now for ever lost ;—happiness,
 And Heaven : Despair raves round hell's dark dungeon,
 And Fear sits trembling in her dreary cell ;
 Fell Destruction haunts the gloomy caverns
 Of this direful prison, while Vengeance with
 Her glittering sword—to augment their woe,
 Exacts the utmost of the sentence pass'd :
 And Death, grim Death ! laughs at his prey : how
 they

Implore his pointed dart, but he refuses
 To meliorate their pain ; feign would they die,
 But Death denies his aid !—'Tis this, ye Pow'rs,
 That constitutes your Hell :—'tis the absence
 Of that august Being, who fills all Heaven,
 And the boundless amplitude of space, with

His effulgent rays. 'Tis true, Hell's domain
 Is full of Him, but his dread presence *there*,
 Is a consuming fire ! Yes, he is there,
 To scourge the rebels of his throne ; to heat
 The furnace seven-fold, and give a vigour
 To the flames of Hell !—Th' undying worm gnaws
 At their vitals, yet ne'er destroys its prey ;
 And fire, quenchless, invisible, ever
 Falls upon their blasted heads, and leaves them
 Unconsum'd. Oh ! what a death is this !
 Always dying, yet never dead ! There is,
 Alas ! no respite from their woe, no ease
 In pain, no cooling stream to quench their thirst,
 But death on death, long as the tide' of ages
 Roll !

Oh Eternity !—Eternity !
 'Tis thou that mak'st their Hell : ' could they reject
 Thee ; could they cast thee out of Tophet, then
 Were it a hell no longer ; but, alas !

Eternity is graven with a pen
 Of adamant upon the flaming doors,
 And what is worse, Eternity is stamp'd
 Upon the mind of every hopeless wretch,
 And strive as he will, he can't reject the thought !
 Save me, ye Angel-Pow'rs, if ye can save
 From death ; but rather THOU, who didst enshrine
 Thy purity in human flesh, and on
 The bleeding cross expire, to rescue *me*
 From endless woe, dissolve the mystic chain
 That intralls my spirit, emancipate
 My soul, and set me free !

Methinks I now

Behold the mighty Angel descending
 From the empyrean skies, commission'd by
 The GREAT ETERNAL, and sent to close th' gates
 Of Hell, when all th' impenitent, consign'd
 To endless woe, have found their destiny :
 He comes in a cloud of fire, the parting air

Divides as on he drives his flaming car ;
 Myriads of ethereal spirits with wings
 Outstretch'd, large as the crescent moon, in
 Panoply Divine array'd, arm'd with spears
 Etherious and adamantine shields, attend
 His flying chariot, lest ruthless war should rise
 Again among the vanquish'd foes of God.
 Now th' Archangelic takes the pond'rous key,
 And locks the gates of th' bottomless abyss ;
 Then on the massy doors he fixes his
 Tremendous seal, large' as the circumference
 Of the meridian sun, and leaves behind
 The dread impression——ETERNITY !

The mighty task perform'd, the messenger
 Of Fate resumes his flight, back to the throne
 Of God he soars, and in Jehovah's hands
 Deposits the enormous key, faithful
 To his charge. Then all the Sanctities of Heav'n
 Well-pleas'd that Satan's kingdom is o'erthrown,

And God's establish'd on the broad basis
 Of Eternal Truth, rise to celebrate
 The sovereign, changeless, everlasting God !

Now the awful destiny of his foes
 Is unalterably fix'd, the sentence
 Is fulfill'd. Hell's terrific doors are', alas !
 For ever shut, their fate is seal'd, and nought
 But one unbounded sea of fire lies before
 Their sight :—a long Eternity of woe
 Is now their portion and their cup !

But is

There not a brighter world hid i' th' bosom
 Of ETERNAL LOVE ?—There is my Muse, where
 Heaven-born spirits sweep the golden lyre :
 This far-fam'd city God has built on high,
 In empyreal air :—there he reigns, the light,
 The glory, and the bliss of Heaven. Beyond


The ken of Man this beauteous city stands,
 Built on the basis of Almighty Love !
 Her walls are of jasper pure, her golden streets
 Magnific, like the diaphanous glass,
 Glitter in the sun, superbly garnish'd
 With all the wealth and pride of Ophir ; Her
 Gates translucent, are of the purest pearl :
 Celestial beauty reposes in all
 Her scenes, and rich magnificence adorns
 Her extended realms ; odoriferous air
 Perfumes the etherial plains of Eden ;
 Ambrosial fruits hang pendant on the trees
 Of this celestial Paradise ; her fields
 Are beautified with amaranthine flow'rs ;
 And all her rich domain is fill'd with joy,
 And crown'd with everlasting peace ! In this
 Imperial city, night is never known ;
 Nor do they need the sun's effulgent rays,
 Or Luna's silver beams. Could these fair orbs
 Fix their bright chariot in the skies of Heaven,
 Their lustre would but dim the effulgence

Of that eternal blaze which fills the realms
 Of bliss. In these empyrean regions, light
 Ineffable, emanating from the Fount
 Of Day, spreads its celestial radiance
 O'er the immortal plains. TH' ETERNAL SUN,
 Source of benignity and love, reigns on his
 Peerless throne, surrounded with an halo
 Of transcendent light, diffusing through the wide,
 Extended fields of Heav'n delightful fragrance,
 And extatic joy !

Methinks I hear the sound
 Symphonious of celestial melody,
 Struck from the harps of mighty Seraphim ;
 'Tis like the united songs of spirits
 Beatified, who hymn their orisons
 To the Eternal King : superior far
 Their strains to those struck from the varied lyre
 Of fam'd Orpheus. Celestial harmony
 Fills the realms of Heav'n and ravishes th' sons

Of God. Salvation is the theme they sing:
 All Heaven resounds with the immortal song!

Delightful task! to praise th' ETERNAL SIRE,
 To give him sacrifice. From Heav'n's altar
 Streams th' incense of their praise, which he accepts.
 Hark! how the heavenly choristers sweep their
 Golden harps, strains such as never fell on
 Mortal ear before, now falls on mine; such
 Music ravishes the spheres, and lulls my soul
 To sleep. Say heav'nly Muse, what constitutes
 This bliss? 'Tis the all-transforming presence
 Of Heav'n's supernal King: He is the song
 Of Angels, and the joy of Man. From this
 Great fountain rivers of perennial love
 In ceaseless meanderings flow, and God's
 Redeem'd, in this wide unbounded ocean
 Bathe. He fills Heav'n's boundless dominions with
 His cloudless rays; and where they gaze upon

The beatific face, their souls assimilate
 To his. What tongue can tell the happiness
 I sing ; 'tis bliss supreme, undying bliss !
 When Heaven bursts upon our opening sight, how
 Will our hearts glow beneath the dazzling blaze !
 How the first glimpse of glory will ravish
 Our astonish'd minds, and beatify
 The soul ! If such the first, the transient sight
 Of Heav'n ; what must it be, ceaseless to dwell
 Before the Throne of God ; to gaze upon
 The beatific vision, absorb'd in
 The ocean of his boundless love, long as
 Eternity endures ? What are the pleasures
 Of this joyless life compar'd to those God
 Has reserv'd for his redeem'd ? Th' happiness
 Of Eternity' is stamp'd with Jehovah's
 Seal ; its impress is seen in ev'ry' haunt in
 Heav'n. 'Tis Eternity that consummates
 The bliss of Heaven, and makes it to outweigh
 The glitt'ring pomp of  to sink the wealth,
 Magnificence', and pride of puissant empires

In the shade, and gives immortal beauty
 To th' sons of light ! What is Eternity ?
 Look forward, far as th' eye can penetrate ;
 Then solve, if ye can, the mighty problem
 Which the Muse propounds. If we soar together,
 Our magnanimity and zeal they soon
 Decline : we faint beneath the mighty task,
 And wander in Immensity's wide sea.
 Where are we now ? on some forbidden ground ;
 An interdict prohibits our pursuit ;
 We lose ourselves in mysteries profound !

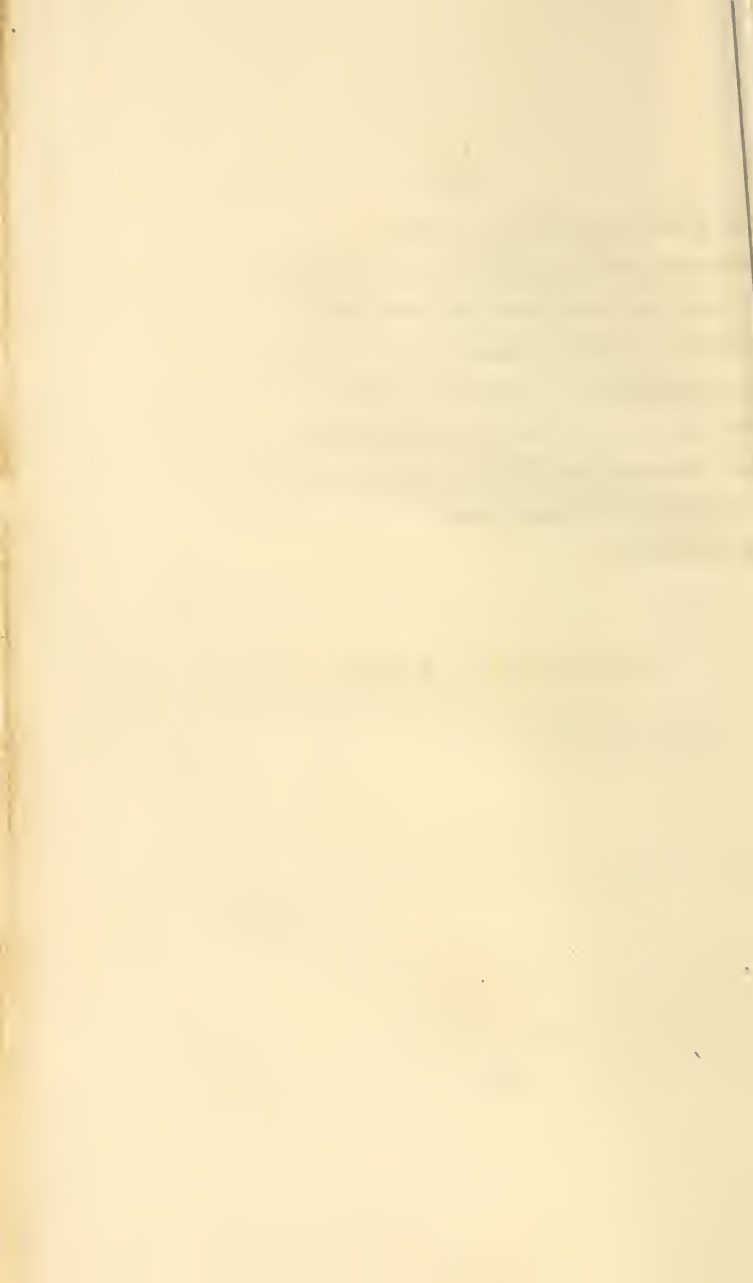
Think of duration without end, and then
 Define Eternity who can ; but oh !
 Indulge the theme—'twill check iniquity's
 Loose reigns, give zest to thought, and stem the
 wide,
 Inglorious stream of crime. Think of a life
 Commensurate with eternal ages ;
 And choose ye then, ye dissipated race,

Whom ye best will serve, 'Tis preposterous
 To build our hopes of happiness below ;
 Egregious indeed ! for pleasure' only reigns
 Beyond the sky. 'Tis pusillanimous
 Of souls immortal, to distrust Him
 Who cannot lie ; and vile effrontery
 To reject his claims. Opprobrious is th' charge
 Prefer'd against th' graceless sons of pleasure ;
 Who, for unreal joy, sacrifice Heav'n's
 Blissful scenes, and feed on dust. All things here
 Are fleeting as the visions of the night :
 Beyond the grave all is real, permanent,
 And true. 'Tis magnanimity to believe'
 In God, our happiness and heaven, our bliss
 Supreme ! Eternal things demand our first,
 Our latest thoughts :—what we now behold, will
 Soon be buried in forgetfulness ; but,
 When we land upon the eternal shores,
 One boundless sea of happiness or woe,
 Will ever lie before our sight. Heaven is
 Worth the labour of a sigh, the breathing

Of a prayer. What are our sufferings here
 Compar'd to our great reward ? put them in
 The scales of Truth, and from th' hand of Justice,
 Suspend the beam with equal poise ; and then,
 We find our joys preponderate.—Is Hell
 What we have said, a prison drear ; a pit
 Unfathom'd ; a dungeon dark ? It is ; then
 Let us make one effort more to escape
 Those regions of eternal fire, kindled
 By Jehovah's breath. Immortal Man was
 Made to feed on Angel's food, to live in
 Bliss, and not to perish in ten-fold night !
 How momentous is the awful business
 Of Eternity' !—all things below compar'd
 To this, are nothing ;—Eternity' is all !
 May this absorb my mind, and wing my soul
 For Heaven.

Thus have I labour'd to explain what
 Nothing but Eternity can unfold :

Call it not presumption, 'tis ignoble
Always to sing of Earth, and Time, and Sense ;
To waste our years below, and never rise
To bliss. Away ye ephemeral joys,
Ye senseless dreams ; ye cannot satisfy
The mind that's pregnant with immortal fire,
And thirsts for God : be this my theme until
I fall into the fathomless ocean
Of ETERNITY !——



MISCELLANEOUS.



An Ode.

TO ANTICIPATION.

Thou Maid of Love, I hold thee still,
And clasp thee to my aching breast ;
Thy fondest sweets my bosom fill,
And prove in grief, a welcome guest.
Long have I woo'd thy smiling face,
In Solitude's Elysian bow'r ;
Come then, thou fairest of thy race,
And usher in the welcome hour ;
When I shall taste the sweets of love,
And feel the smile beam from her eye ;
When I shall all my wishes prove,
And with AMANDA live and die !

Lead on the wintry days severe,
That holds me from my fondest fair ;
O chase away the rising tear,
And blast the buds of fell Despair !
Come, come, thou solace when 'in grief,
Inspire with hope my throbbing breast,
Administer thy kind relief,
And give the Muse a transient rest ;
'Till Fortune smiles upon our way,
Which now is cheerless and forlorn,
'Till Summer-suns their beams display,
And we forget to weep and mourn !

HOPE.

AN ODE.

I, who late swept the Paphian lyre,
Warm with Anticipation's fire,
 Inspir'd by Love divine;
Again invoke Erato's string,
And with the Delphi-Muses sing,
 A youth at Beauty's shrine.

Thou flower in Paradise unknown,
The fairest on Olympus blown,
 Thee Angels never know;
In stern Affliction's dreary hour,
We feel thy strength-inspiring pow'r,
 Nor dread the tyrant Woe.

E'en dull Despair, her sable shroud,
 Her ebon throne, and mantled cloud,
 Before thy smile dismiss ;
 On Love's swift, flutt'ring wings are borne,
 When Hope bedews the rosy morn,
 With tints of kindred bliss.

When Hope's bland torch illumines the way,
 The starless night recedes to day,
 And dangers disappear ;
 The ambient storms to Fortune yield,
 While black Oppression quits the field,
 Wet with Affliction's tear.

Pale, quivering Fear, she dares not boast,
 Nor Fancy paint some hideous ghost,
 To violate our rest ;
 While Hope's gay, streaming pennons float,
 Like dew that pearls the mountain-goat,
 And gems the Linnet's nest.

Hope, blooming Hope ! inspires the soul,
 When fearful storms around us roll,
 When high the billows rise ;
 She lifts our down-cast eye above
 The storms that serve His sov'reign love,
 And points to clearer skies.

But why should I indulge the foe,
 And drink the bitter cup of woe,
 Or be myself cast down ;
 Away Despair !—I hate thy brow,
 Wreath'd with December's leafless bough,
 Conceal thy haggard frown.

And come, thou bliss-inspiring Maid,
 In all thy silken robes array'd,
 And bless my dubious heart ;
 Anchor my soul within the veil,
 And while I tell my artless tale,
 Thy sweetest joys impart.

When cast upon the world's wide sea,
 I was not then bereft of thee,
 Celestial Maid divine ;
 Thou didst illumine the moonless night,
 With thy serene effulgent light,
 And on my path didst shine.

Indulge, my Fair, the theme I sing,
 And bid Hope plume her ideal wing,
 To bear thy spirits up ;
 Come, raise thy down- cast eye, and know
 The joy that Hope inspires below,
 And sip the mingled cup.

Secluded from thy pleasing smile,
 Which would my sable hours beguile,
 And pent in Fate's dire cell ;
 Hope's roseate eye inspires the Muse
 And through the skies her beams diffuse,
 And prompts the lay I tell.

Come, wipe the pearly drops away,
The adverse winds will soon decay,
 And sorrow disappear;
Though I would dry thy weeping eye,
I can't refrain the deep-fetch'd sigh,
 And tributary tear.

DESPAIR.

AN ODE.

THOU sullen flow'r !
 Offspring of Hell's unseen abyss !
 Thy frantic pow'r
 Fades 'neath the beams of sacred bliss :
 Away ! away ! away from earth,
 And find the cell that gave thee birth,
 No more betray me with a faithless kiss.

Away Despair !
 Thou dark and gloomy Maid adieu !
 Thy threats forbear,
 No more the hapless Muse pursue ;

O do not haunt Misfortune's child,
Nor vie because young Venus smil'd,
No more my many griefs and woes renew.

 This Hell-hound feign
Would build in me her ebon throne ;
 Like monarchs reign.
And make the unlov'd Muse her own ;
Away ! away ! thou unsightly Maid,
In all the robes of Woe array'd,
No more extort my melancholy moan.

STANZAS.



I own I weep, but can't refrain,
The Stoic's soul I must disdain,
 And love sweet Sensibility :
The keenest pangs of woe I feel,
Nor can't the silent tear conceal,
 The kindred tear of sympathy.

My vitals sap, my spirits die,
And pleasure sickens in my eye,
 While Night her solemn vigils keep ;
The sweetest joys that Fate can give,
The happiest life that Man can live,
 Where mine——but for this I weep !

MISFORTUNE.



THE bright rosy morn to our earth is returning,
And Aurora unfolds the portals of day ;
Young Phœbus appears, the fair King of the morning,
And Night's sable clouds on the mountains decay.

All nature is gay, and the young birds are singing,
The meadows are green, and the valleys all bloom,
The violet, and primrose, and cowslip, are springing,
And the daisy that decks the Cottager's tomb.

All around the fond blessings of Heav'n are streaming,
And Contentment sits smiling on ev'ry face ;
But on *me* the dark rays of Misfortune are beaming,
And Envy she flings the keen darts of disgrace.

Oft I watch the gay Linnet that warbles on high,
 And long for her wings to engage in the flight;
 While she pours forth her notes I in extacy die,
 And languish away as I gaze on the sight.

O could I disguise the poignant anguish I feel,
 And hide my head in some lone wilderness spot!
 O could I from the world my misfortunes conceal,
 And be by all mankind for ever forgot!

In some sequester'd vale let me spend my few days,
 An exile, in sorrow, and solitude pine;
 To the pale waning moon, I will sing my faint lays,
 And on the green hillock in evening recline,

Thou art welcome, kind Pity, thrice welcome to me,
 O do not forget thy night-vigils to keep!
 But shed o'er my fate the soft tear of sympathy,
 Nor leave me forsaken in silence to weep.

On the dark cypress bough I will hang my faint lyre,
 Bid adieu to the Muses, to science, and lore ;
On the breast of Complaisance my life shall expire,
 And sigh for those pleasures which now are no more

FORGET ME NOT.



THOUGH pain'd by Man's inconstancy,
And Woman's faithless friendship too ;
I must while as I gaze on *thee*,
My oft-repeated vows renew ;
And when I'm gone, whate'er my lot,
I only say—Forget me not.

When thou canst hear my voice no more,
But fancy all its accents nigh,
Then love as faithful as before,
And heave for me the gentle sigh ;
And when you see the wood-bine cot
Where once I liv'd—Forget me not.

When thou no more my form canst view,
 Then let it serve to *think* of me ;
 Till I my vows of love renew,
 And prove my heart's sincerity ;
 Where'er I roam, whate'er my lot,
 I still exclaim—Forget me not !

And when you walk the sylvan shade,
 Where we have often stray'd at eve ;
 O think of me my lovely maid,
 But do not at my absence grieve ;
 Remember still whate'er my lot,
 I always said—Forget me not.

And when before the throne divine,
 Prostrate you bend the suppliant knee,
 And when the beams of Mercy shine,
 In all their cloudless majesty ;
 Remember then, whate'er my lot,
 I most desir'd—Forget me not.

MERCY.



FAIR Emperess of the empyrean skies!
My Muse she sings thy sweet supernal name ;
Swift on young Love's seraphic wings she flies,
To spread around thy ever-during flame ;
Ye first-born sons of light upraise my lyre,
And touch my Muse with pure poetic fire.

'Tis not the aid of fabled Gods I seek ;
But from the Aonian Maids I stray :
Speak, O thou Spirit ! to my passions speak !
And all my latent pow'rs shall Thee obey :
Call forth the duteous Seraphim of light,
And now disperse this intellectual night.

No angel-tongue thy nature can define ;
 Thy depth unknown, no Seraph can explore ;
 Thy name so glorious, heav'nly, and divine,
 Makes Angels wonder, reverence, and adore ;
 Thy lustre fills the boundless realms of day,
 And glory beams in each incarnate ray.

Stupenduous Mercy !—fount of endless love !
 Firm as a rock thy deathless pillows stand ;
 Thou art the theme of angel-hosts above,
 Who bow obsequious to thy high command ;
 Thy living waters from Heav'n's lov'd abyss,
 Shall ever flow in streams of endless bliss.

Primeval Daughter of th' ETERNAL SIRE !
 In pity look upon this world of woe ;
 When wilt thou leave the white-rob'd angel-choir,
 And deign to dwell with abject man below ?
 The golden chariot wing'd with Seraphs bright,
 Wait to convey Thee through the fields of light !

Lo ! he comes the Redeemer of mankind,
 He leaves, he leaves, the shining ranks above ;
 'Tis Love dethrones the GREAT ETERNAL MIND,
 And Pity speeds the dear incarnate Dove ;
 To earth he flies, a faithless world to save,
 And rescues Man from the eternal grave.

See him expiring on yon gloomy hill !
 'Tis MERCY bleeding for the apostate race !
 Now he completes his heav'nly Father's will,
 And magnifies His all-redeeming grace ;
 While rending rocks, and opening caverns prove,
 That He was God—the God of grace and love.

Redeeming Mercy is the theme I sing,
 Unfathom'd Mercy ! infinite, unknown,
 O could I mount on some bright Seraph's wing,
 And get permission from th' ETERNAL THRONE !
 I'd preach thy Mercy to the fallen race,
 And tell to all the riches of thy grace.

Triumphant Mercy!—song of th' saints above,
 How didst Thou conquer on the bleeding cross !
 While Angels sang thy dear redeeming love,
 Hell's embattled host felt their direful loss !
 “ 'Tis finished!”—our great Immanuel cries !
 The God of grace—the God of nature dies !

See Him ascending to his Father's throne !
 With victory, and deathless triumph crown'd :
 Angels their Sovereign Lord and Master own,
 And wonder spreads through all the earth around ;
 Heav'n's golden portals obedient to His word,
 Open, and receive, their dear triumphant Lord.

Behold Him enthron'd in' everlasting light !
 The King of kings, and Conqueror of Death ;
 See Him invested with all pow'r and might !
 The winds are but the offspring of his breath :
 The rolling thunder is his voice divine,
 And vivid light'nings round his sceptre shine !

Feign would the Muse her feeble tribute pay,
 And twine the fragrant garland for his brow ;
 Feign would she bring the laurels green and gay,
 And deck the wreath with amaranthine bough ;
 But ah ! my Muse, he needs no earthly gem,
 For Mercy fair adorns his diadem !

Fair Emperess of the empyrean skies !
 Long shalt Thou in deathless honour reign !
 And live when all created matter dies,
 The lawful Queen of Heav'n's blest domain :
 Maintain thy throne, thou peerless saint of light !
 And ever live coeval with th' INFINITE !—

ODE TO PEACE.

HAIL gentle dove-ey'd Peace !
 Celestial flow'r of Paradise,
 Bid all my mournings cease ;
 Arise, arise, thou heav'n-born maid, arise !
 Irradiate my joyless soul,
 Each storm control,
 And now thy suppliant from his chains release.

Heaven is thy peerless throne !
 Thou reign'st in everlasting day !
 Seraphs made thy coming known,
 Thy birth proclaim'd in a symphonious lay :

Now thou shalt dwell with us below,
 To soothe our woe,
 And Folly's sons thy mystic pow'r shall own.

The Muse would feign explain
 That spotless sanctity of thine ;
 Thou art our ease in pain,
 And darkness flies before thy beams divine :
 Thy olive-bough shall sweetly wave,
 Beyond the grave ;
 In deathless bliss thou shalt for ever reign.

Jehovah is thy sire !
 Immanuel thy lofty king !
 Angels thy reign admire,
 Cherubic choirs thy endless glories sing ;
 Thy great Disposer is the Lord,
 Whose mighty word ;
 Restores the dying accents of the living lyre !

Thou bliss-inspiring maid !
 Possess my softly-sighing heart ;
 Lend me thy kindly aid,
 And never, never from the Muse depart ;
 Thy bosom placid as the stream,
 In grief supreme,
 Shall be my pillow in the myrtle glade.

And thou shalt dwell with me,
 Sweet pledge of Jesu's love divine ;
 Faith, Hope, and Charity,
 Shall on my breast like constellations shine :
 Fir'd with the quenchless flame of love,
 Thy joys I'll prove,
 And sing thy honours through ETERNITY.

FAREWELL.



ALAS ! and must I sigh adieu,
 Regardless of the pains I feel ;
And still my hapless course pursue,
 And all my anxious care conceal.
My heart will never cease to love,
 While in this wilderness I dwell ;
It cannot, will not, faithless prove,
 Though mine should be a long farewell.

Adieu, my lovely maid, adieu ;
The storms of life I fearless brave ;
 Willing I suffer all for you,
Nor dread the wand'ring lover's grave.

Farewell ye smiling fields so gay,

Ye forests that in strength excel,

Your loveliness must soon decay ;

Farewell, my lovely maid, farewell

Elegiac Stanzas

ON THE DEATH OF M—— S——.

SHALL seraph-chords the sounding pæan raise,
 Shall joy through Heav'ns triumphal portals ring;
 When bow'd before the GREAT ETERNAL BLAZE,
 Th' immortal Spirit bends its joyous wing?

Shall there be rapture, and no earthly lyre
 Pour forth its incense on the sighing gale?
 Awake my Muse, let Love thy song inspire,
 And Faith's strong beam the tear of grief inhale.

No funeral dirge shall o'er thy grave be sung,
 No mournful requiem chanted o'er thy urn;
 For those let Sorrows doleful knell be rung,
 Whose hopes are bounded by this dark sojourn.

And thou, for whom this artless wreath I twine,
Now reign'st with Seraphim in Eden's bow'r ;
Around thy head those heav'nly glories shine,
Which hover'd o'er thee in thy dying hour.

TO MY LYRE.

AN ODE.



Resume, my Muse, the peaceful lyre,
 And join the bright harmonious choir,
 In sacred hymns of love ;
 Bring with thy song the golden wreath,
 And sing with all the saints beneath,
 And angel-hosts above.

Sweet Poesy ! thy charms are dear,
 And when thy song salutes my ear,
 I can't resist the pow'r.
 I love to rove thy flow'ry mead,
 To sing upon my oaten reed,
 In Solitude's sweet bow'r.

Secluded from the Schools of fame,
 Where Learning rears her lofty name,
 Or Cam, or Isis rolls ;
 A slave to Penury and Woe,
 Fell monarchs of this world below !
 Their vassal-thrall controuls.

It was not mine in youth to rove
 The far-fam'd Academic grove,
 The flow'ry paths of Fame ;
 Unheeded by the sacred Nine,
 And doom'd in hopeless love to pine,
 I woo'd the Poet's name.

Ye heav'nly Pow'rs who reign above,
 And sing the changeless song of love,
 In everlasting day !
 Your sacred energy infuse,
 And aid my uninstructed Muse,
 To sing her infant-lay.

Sweet lyre !—companion of my youth ;
 Thou friend of Innocence and Truth,
 My song I raise to thee ;
 Though not in strains of classic lore,
 Brought from the fam'd Arcadian store,
 Like Amphion's minstrels.

Unknown to thee are Pindar's strains,
 The Attic theme of Delphic swains,
 The melody of song ;
 No deep-skill'd hand now sweeps thy wires,
 No fabled-god thy Muse inspires,
 Or rolls the theme along.

Thy rippling verse at silent night,
 Some friendly ear may chance delight,
 Who knows thy hapless fate ;
 Though not from Acadialus brought,
 With magnanimity of thought,
 Illustriously great !

Thy simple notes, and short-liv'd song,
 May chance delight the rustic throng,
 And cheer the Winter's night ;
 May guile the moments as they fly,
 When Cynthia pendant in the sky,
 Displays her placid light.

To fond Devotion's sacred fire,
 I still will tune my simple lyre,
 A suppliant at her shrine ;
 Friendship and Love shall grace my song,
 Inspire my lay, instruct my tongue,
 And teach the theme divine.

For me no epic Muse will raise,
 A song of tributary praise,
 And deck the wreath I wore,
 Nor tell on sculptured stone my fame,
 Or sing in verse the Poet's name,
 When my short life is o'er.

But chance some kinder friend more dear,
 May shed o'er me the pensive tear,
 When in the tomb I lie ;
 And o'er my breathless clay may weep,
 While in the arms of Death I sleep,
 Beneath the vaulted sky.

Though loveless Bards despise my strain,
 It chance may please the rural train,
 And charm the rustic throng ;
 My Doric pipe I'll play at eve,
 And Fancy shall my garland weave,
 While Love inspires my song.

And thou shalt cheer my lovely hour,
 With thy soft fascinating pow'r,
 My long-neglected lyre ;
 And lead me to Aganippe's well,
 Where Phœbus and the Muses dwell
 And all my sung inspire.

Adieu ! adieu ! my simple lyre,
I soon shall join the angel-choir,
In yon bright realms above ;
In Heav'n's orchestra loud proclaim
The wonders of Immanuel's Name,
In songs of endless love.

THE TEAR.

WHAT is that I now descry,
Glist'ning bright in Phœbe's eye,
Follow'd by the labo'ring sigh?

'Tis Affection's tear!

See the sparkling dew-drop bright,
Brilliant as the orient light,
That dispels the lingering night,
On her cheeks appear.

What is that like torrents flow,
Tells the grief he dreads below,
Hapless, hopeless child of woe?

'Tis Contrition's tear!

Mark his languid, whispering pray'r,
 Transcient joy, and live-long care,
 Joyless slave of fell Despair,
 Child of Hope and Fear !

What is that which ripples still,
 Silent as the purling rill,
 When the nightly dews distil ?

 'Tis the Lover's tear !

Oft he courts the winding vale,
 And the rosy-dappled dale,
 When the softly-sighing gale,

 Dies upon his ear.

What is that which flows so fast,
 Frozen in the mental blast,
 When the spirits are down-cast ?

 'Tis the Widow's tear !

Of her Consort now bereft,
 To the World and Fortune left,
 In the Rock for sinners cleft,
 Finds a friend sincere.

What is that so prompt, so true,
 Sparkling as the morning dew,
 Flowing when we sigh adieu?
 'Tis *true* Friendship's tear!
 Ne'er could I its course suppress,
 For my weakness find redress,
 But in her I love to bless,
 When the winds career!

Sweet test of Affection's flame,
 All must love thy guileless name,
 Nor deem it a senseless shame,
 To shed the pensive tear.

Oft I love at evening light,
When the Pleiades glisten bright,
To watch th' Arbitress of night,
 In her silver sphere.

In the dark and sunless day,
When my youthful days decay,
Sweetest test of love away,
 Pity's mild behest !
Let thy crystal drops bedew
Friendship's garb of sable hue,
When to earth I bid adieu,
 And fly to' endless rest !

FRIENDSHIP.

AN ODE.



SWEET solace of my woes !
 Now I am left forlorn,
 Will all my hopeful friends turn foes,
 And vanish like the storm that rose,
 And leave me here to mourn ;
 Must I complain
 With ceaseless pain,
 That *faithful* friendship in the human breast don't
 reign.

It oft is but a name,
 And only serves to flatter ;
 And those who say they are your friend,
 Don't prove the truth that they pretend,
 Quite ignorant of the matter ;

Their conduct shows,

What I propose ;

That they are heedless of another's complicated woes

Where does true Friendship reign,

If its a gem so rare?

In heaven-born minds divinely pure,

And not where ominous clouds obscure

The light supremely fair.

Thou Maid divine !

I love thy shrine,

For amity, and sweet connubial love are thine.

Thou canst assuage my woe,

And bid my grief depart :

'Tis thine to chase the fiend Despair,

And with thy sympathetic tear,

To bless my dubious heart :

O haste away,
 Nor once delay,
 And dwell with me, sweet spirit of etherial day.

On thy breast I'll repose,
 When storms surround my soul,
 Thy placid smile, and pensive tear,
 My down-cast mind shall of'times cheer,
 And every storm control :
 O let me prove
 Sweet maid of love !
 Thy playful smiles like moon-beams streaming from
 above.

Though the loud winds career,
 And threaten to destroy ;
 I will not dread the winged storm,
 If bless'd with thy endearing form,
 And life-inspiring joy :

Thy hand shall twine,

With skill divine,

The fragrant wreath, to' embalm my hallow'd shrine !

VICTORY.



UNFOLD thy streaming flag,
Celestial Victory !
And chase the fell Night-hag,
With song and minstrelsy !
Thy deep-red pennons float in air,
And all the marks of conquest bear.

'Tis not the fame I sing,
Of Warriors in the field,
Who for an earthly king,
Approach with spear and shield ;
The christian wreath I now entwine,
And sing the Victory divine !

Messiah is our king,
 He leads his armies on ;
 This is th' Vict'ry I sing
 Through the Almighty One !]

He is our Captain here below,
 His conquering arm subdues our foe !

“ Go on” Immanuel cries,
 “ The victory is sure ;
 Behold the deathless prize,
 The blood-stain'd cross endure ;
 Soon as the mighty word is given,
 Angels shall bear your souls to Heaven.”

Lo ! we approach the field,
 Fearless of all our foes ;
 Jehovah is our shield,
 The marshal-trumpet blows ;
 Arise ! arise ! arise to war !
 The foe ascends the flaming car.

Come from your secret place,
 Ye sacred sons of light !
 Empower'd with conquering grace,
 And taught by him to fight :
 Approach the proud embattled line,
 Array'd in panoply divine.

Display the Spirit's sword !
 And take the glittering shield ;
 Obey your Captain's word,
 And face th' ensanguin'd field ;
 The helmet of salvation take,
 And bid the arm of God awake !

The conquest you shall gain,
 O'er Sin, and Death, and Hell ;
 Free from disease and pain,
 In endless glory dwell ;
 The triumphs of his cross proclaim,
 And spread Messiah's matchless fame !

There we shall wave the palm
Of Victory divine !
By his all-conquering arm,
Our every foe outshine ;
And soar in everlasting flight,
Through the immortal fields of light !

Stanzas

ADDRESSED

TO A CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY

Go Herald of salvation, go !
And Jesu's conquering grace proclaim ;
Where Pagan mists surround
The unprolific ground,
Make known Immanuel's everlasting name.

The deathless rose of Sharon plant,
And Jesus will the increase give :
His breath dispels the gloom ;
He makes the wilds to bloom ;
And Afric's sable race through Him shall live.

Or go to Ind's barbaric shores,
 Where Slavery her sons enchain ;
 Arouse the wily foe,
 The Gospel-trumpet blow,
 And spread the great Messiah's glorious reign !

Go build Jerusalem again,
 Her fallen walls and gates restore ;
 Let Palestina hear
 The Gospel-charioteer,
 And bid Solyma's daughters weep no more.

Go, Herald of salvation, go !
 And preach His life-restoring word ;
 Though graceless Demons frown,
 God will your labours crown,
 And all your sufferings in his book record.

Unfurl the Saviour's streaming flag,
 The conquests of your Captain tell,
 And shew what He has done ;
 What victories He won,
 To save us from the quenchless flames of Hell !

Wipe from the dark beclouded cheek,
 The trembling, penitential tear ;
 Suppress the mournful sigh,
 Illume the tearful eye,
 For soon the glistening Day-Star will appear.

And bid the thirsty sons of grace
 Behold the Fountain from above !
 Open'd in Jesu's breast,
 Where all the Israel rest,
 And prove the virtue of his bleeding love.

Go, Herald of salvation, go !
The peace-inspiring word proclaim ;
Yon viewless city fair,
Hung in empyreal air,
Shall echo with your ever-during fame

STANZAS.

VAIN is the dream of life ;
 'Tis like the fitful moon-beams of the night,
 That disappoint us of their wonted light,
 Then languish in the strife !

I knew unsullied bliss
 When fair Clarissa did each hour beguile,
 With her expressive look and angel-smile,
 And sooth'd me with her kiss.

I lov'd the beauteous maid,
 For she was fair as Spring's returning sky ;
 Celestial beauty sparkled in her eye:
 But ah !—the rose must fade !

Her unaffected sigh,
 The rosy stream that rush'd across her cheek,
 The trembling accents when she feign'd to speak,
 Bespoke her modesty.

Her lips of coral pure,
 Her golden tresses floating in the air,
 And blushing cheek adorn'd the sainted fair,
 Which nothing could obscure.

And she had virtues too,
 Her guileless bosom was the seat of Truth,
 And Innocence adorn'd her spotless youth,
 With tints of living hue.

But ah! she is no more!
 The fair Clarissa is no longer mine!
 The tombless grave does now, alas! enshrine
 The maid I did adore!

O let me steal away !
When Luna playful in the welkin bright,
Diffuses round her mild auspicious light,
My debt of love to pay !

And o'er her grave I'll weep,
When viewless spectres walk the church-yard round,
And night-winds whistle with a death-like sound,
And lull my soul to sleep.

RELIGION.

AN ODE.



CELESTIAL maid of Love!

Thou pure seraphic Dove!

Thy excellence divine the Muse would sing;

In short amusive lay,

Thy God-like soul pourtray,

Borne by Urania on her tow'ring wing:

Not all the skill of Rome by Greece refin'd.

Could e'er like thee adorn and grace the human mind.

The learned sons of Fame,

Who hate thy lovely name,

Lose all their lustre when compar'd with thee;

For grace and truth are thine ;
 Thy nature is divine,
 And sweet thy bliss-inspiring minstrelsy :
 The philosophic lamp does faintly blaze,
 Compar'd with thy heart-soothing, soul-enlivening rays

What is the worth of gold,
 When the great secret's told,
 That some live rich, but rich they cannot die?
 The rich indeed are poor,
 Except they all secure
 A mansion in the regions of the sky :
 'Tis Religion that does enrich the mind,
 Becalms the boist'rous sea, and stills th' infuriate wind.

Hail peerless maid of love !
 Thy excellence we prove ;
 Thou art the Pilgrim's light,—his constant theme :

When raging tempests roar,
 Thy hand we then adore,
 It leads our spirits to the GREAT SUPREME !
 Nor will we fear, since God is ever nigh,
 Though billows roar and "darkness intercepts the sky."

Exult, my youthful Muse,
 The Saviour's fame diffuse :
 Religion's all !—to man the only good !
 She soothes the ills of life,
 Destroys the kindling strife,
 And guides our bark o'er Jordan's sable flood ;
 She opes the gloomy prison of the tomb,
 And safe conducts us to where embrosial flowers bloom.

Stanzas.

AND was the fair AMANDA faithless too,
 Did she forget the sacred vows she made?
 Weep, ye Nymphs, who haunt the sequester'd
 glade,

Her love was transcient as the morning-dew!
 Oh! while I muse the wound it bleeds anew,
 I mourn, I ever lov'd the beauteous maid.

Ah! had AMANDA prov'd to me sincere,
 My Muse had never sang this plaintive theme;
 But now I seek the grove and winding stream,
 Where I can shed the melancholy tear;
 I never can such faithless love revere;
 'Tis perfidy, 'tis treachery extreme!

Aw'd by her Father's frown and stern command,
 Who spurn'd me for the sake of sordid gold ;
 With bleeding heart the direful news she told,
 That we no more must join in heart and hand ;
 Ah ! then I thought to quit my native land,
 To leave my kindred, and the christian fold.

And are there those, who for uncertain wealth,
 Destroy the noblest passions of the soul,
 The virgin-mind with fiend-like zeal control,
 And blast the buds of happiness and health ?
 Away, ye Monsters !—'tis the worst of stealth,
 Your names shall glare on Infamy's black scroll !

Farewell, AMANDA, I must sigh adieu !
 You know I lov'd you with sincerest love ;
 To *thee* I never once did faithless prove,
 But long I suffer'd, long I wept for *you* !
 When life is o'er, O may we meet above!
 For *there* our friendship ever will be true.

CALVARY.



WHILE others soar on Fiction's airy wings,
Through the meand'rings of the ideal world,
'Tis mine to paint the tragic scene of death.
I sing the bleeding cross ! Mysterious theme !
The joy of Angels and the hope of Man.
Descend, ye Seraphs, and inspire my song ;
Exalt my meditative theme, and give
Etherial beauty to my thoughts. And thou,
Majestic Truth ! primeval saint, whose throne
Was built when ancient Night held her
Dark dominions in the chaotic world,
Guide thou my pencil with thy unseen hand,
And from thy bosom drop celestial fire.

Come, **INSPIRATION**, from the topmost hills
 Of Eden, leave the empyrean regions,
 And on the viewless air thy dove-like wings
 Extend, illumine the midnight of my soul
 With the brightness of thy seraphic eyes,
 And teach me how to sing the theme sublime.
 When Adam by transgression fell, and sunk
 His progeny in the shades of night, God
 Promis'd his **Eternal Son** ; to ratify
 His word, he kindled the prophetic lamp,
 'Till th' auspicious day on creation dawn'd ;
 When Jesus came to save' an apostate world
 From endless woe !—Th' orient star deep-rising
 In the vault of Heav'n, announc'd th' arrival
 Of the incarnate God. Angels, who watch'd
 Th' infant Saviour proclaim'd with trumpet-voice,
 The gladsome tidings to the sons of men.
 When He appear'd, aerial music broke
 Heav'n's blissful silence, and earth and skies echo'd
 With the loud acclaim !—He came not to save

The fallen sons of light, the ruin'd Peers
 Of Heaven, but to redeem a faithless world !
 Sin had barr'd the ponderous doors of Heaven ;
 A flaming Cherub sat above the gates,
 To guard the unseen world ; on each side stood
 A mighty phalanx clad in adamant,
 Arm'd with th' artillery of Heaven ; and round
 The massy doors flew ethereal spirits
 To watch the wily foe, so that none could
 Ope the pearly gates of Paradise, or
 With impious violence claim admission
 There. But lo ! the incarnate Deity
 Unbars the flaming doors, and by his death
 Appeas'd the GREAT ETERNAL.

He was divine',
 And human too ; the first-born of his Sire,
 Immaculate and pure ; and sinless as
 The flame that streams from Heav'n's altar, or those
 Intelligences who surround the throne
 Of God. He was cloth'd in flesh, that he might
 For our sins atone, that he might suffer,

And through his sufferings buy Eternal Life.
 Behold Him nail'd upon th' accursed tree !
 See Him transfix'd upon the bleeding cross :
 Amazing sight ! The earth shakes !—the Heav'ns
 frown !

Th' astonish'd sun conceal'd his frightened head,
 And weeping Nature groan'd through all her works.
 Could Angels weep in bliss ?—they must have wept
 At such a sight as this ;—yea more than weep :
 And while Heaven was bath'd in tears, all nature
 Wept to see the Victim bleed, and Deity'
 Expire. But sing, my Muse, the victorious cross,
 He conquer'd when he fell. His dying groan
 Shook Hell's fiery pillows, and bruis'd the head
 Of Him who bruis'd his heel. When he o'er Hell
 The vict'ry achiev'd, an horrid murmur
 Like the dread thunder from the depths of Heav'n,
 Or the loud noise of congregated winds,
 That bellow in the subterranean world,
 Roar'd through the caverns of th' infernal pit,

And all the horrid crew sank ten thousand
 Thousand fathoms deeper in the abyss
 Of Hell !

Then sepulchred in the grave, He
 Lay beneath the Cherub's expanded wing
 'Till the listening morn appear'd, when all Heaven
 In full chorus broke the silence' of the tomb :
 He burst Death's iron fetters, and came forth
 Triumphant from his dusty bed, and now
 He lives enthron'd in endless light. Behold,
 He bears his triumph up to Heaven, and takes
 His careering flight from th' ensanguin'd plains
 Of Calvary to Zion's topmost height.
 He leaves Death's dark dominions to mingle
 With adoring Angels, who bask in the sunshine'
 Of eternal bliss. See him ascending
 Th' aerial height of Heaven ; the pillow'd clouds.
 Form his silver chariot, and bear him through
 The regions of the sky. His beholders

Gaze upon their triumphal Lord, until
 The pain'd sight can pierce no farther ;—then Heaven
 Receives the Saviour in her arms. Angels,
 Prostrate at his feet extol his name,
 And cast their golden crowns before him.

Now

He reigns in everlasting pomp ; no more
 To die ; but He shall come again array'd
 In power, when the fiery empyrosis,
 Impell'd by th' arm of dread Omnipotence,
 Dissolves the solid earth—to judge the world
 In righteousness.

Hail, everlasting King !
 Thou Prince of Peace : Thou Conqueror of Death :
 Long as the tide of Ages roll thy name
 Shall be ador'd. Thou the great price hath paid,

And by thy death redeem'd us from the grave ;
And now Thou livest in eternal light,
The Prophet, Priest, and Advocate of Man ;
The Friend and Saviour of a helpless world.

SONNETS.

TO

THE NIGHTINGALE.



SWEET Songstress of the vale and sylvan grove,
To Thee the Muses tune the peaceful lyre,
And with the listening Peasantry conspire,
T' extol thy notes of ecstasy and love.
O let me near the Village-hamlet rove,
At evening when the silver spheres appear,
Thy song divine shall warble in my ear,
Melodious as the choral host above.
Oft have thy notes solac'd my mournful heart,
And pour'd the balm of comfort in my breast ;
Oft have thy nightly hymnings sooth'd the smart,
And cheer'd the spirits of thy unseen guest :
Sweet Philomel ! thy peerless song I praise,
And to thy name one lowly tribute raise.

SONNET.



CAN ruthless Time from my fond heart erase
The deep impressions which thy love has made ?
Or do I need Affection's kindly aid,
To 'mind me of the features of thy face ?
Thy form adorn'd with modesty and grace,
Outshines the splendour of the Wise and Great.
Though thine has been the hapless Orphan's fate,
And left like me to run the joyless race.
Can Absence change the feelings of my heart,
Or Distance place thee farther from my mind ?
Oh no ! the thoughts of thee *alone* impart
That lasting bliss which constant Lovers find :
Then give to the loud winds thy every fear,
And I will wipe away the swiftly-flowing tear.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.



HARK ! the obstreperous clarion blows,
The glittering spears and waving sabres shine,
With lustre bright along th' embattled line,
And dauntless Valour with fresh courage glows.
Now on his cold cheek fades the virgin-rose,
He falls ! he falls ! 'tis in his Country's cause ;
Heedless of Heav'n's command and righteous laws,
The fearless Warrior does her ways oppose.

Stern Horror stalks along the deathful plain,
And human blood imbrues the Victor's shield ;
While Desolation hovers o'er the field,
Red Anguish bleeds with undiminish'd pain :
Ere long Bellona shall the scene deplore,
And Nations soon shall learn to war no more !

DRESSED

TO MY SISTER ANN.

SOFT as the Summer-breeze that sweeps the plain,
Or genial as the sunny rays of Heaven,
Thy sweet endearing words of love were given
To free my mind when bound in Terror's chain.
My youthful Muse does still congratulate
My Anna while passing the watery deep ;
Come dry the tear, and cease my Love to weep,
Since hopeless woe has not become thy fate.
Th' inspiring joys of ever-during bliss,
Shine through the dark and sable shroud of night,
Prophetic of that last, and final conquest,
When thou shalt bathe in Heav'n's lov'd abyss,
'Mid the full glory of immortal light,
And in the sweet embrace of Angels rest.

Written at Midnight.

SOLEMN is th' hour when all creation sleeps,
It seems as if old Chaos reign'd anew,
For nought but darkness falls upon my view,
'Till from some cloud the straggling moon-beam peeps.
O'er her lone grave the heartless Lover weeps,
While pensive Silence sits upon her throne,
And murm'ring night-winds sweep the plain and moan,
Then nestle in the windings of some Alpine steeps.
Hark ! the hoarse Watchman cries the noon-night hour,
And viewless spectres throng the dusky air,
The Night-bird in yon low sequester'd tow'r,
Screams to the moon in notes of wild despair ;
While I sit musing wrapt in sable night,
And hymn my orisons to the GREAT SOURCE of light.

ADDRESSED TO MY 'UNCLE,

WILLIAM RICKETT, Esq.



Honour'd Sire ! thy skilful hand, thy manly soul,
 And philosophic mind I venerate ;
 Thou dost the powers of mechanism control,
 And tell'st the rolling worlds and spheres their fate.
 The Muse would bring her tributary song
 To Thee, indebted for each youthful plume,
 The flowers that in her puerile years bloom,
 And tell thy genius to the listening throng :
 Thy name should rank among the Peers of old,
 The sons of Literature and Science great,
 With Thales and Euclid, men of classic state ;
 Or Newton, who the varied seasons told :
 Thy genius profound, climbs Night's starry throne,
 Measures the spheres, or builds the polish'd cone.

Sonnet.

SWEET Poesy ! I love thy flow'ry mead,
 And the fam'd Castalia's fragrant verge ;
 I love to sing upon my oaten reed,
 When the young zephyrs sweep the foaming surge.
 At the full midnight when th' Æolian dirge,
 O'er the wan-worn Pilgrim's still mansion moans,
 When the pale planets shine where Darkness thrones,
 Or when the waning moon from th' hills emerge ;
 I love to stray along the rosy vale ;
 'Till the nocturnal blaze in ether float^es ;
 And casts her mantle o'er the primrose-dale,
 Charm'd by sweet Philomel's melodious notes ;
 Wrapt in Night's sable shroud the moments fly,
 While Thought's strong pinions waft my soul on high.

MORNING.



Now the twilight plays upon the limpid stream,
And the silver spheres glimmer in the sky ;
The welcome day-spring beaming from on high,
Awakes me from my visionary dream.
Then fair Aurora, Goddess of my theme,
Unfolds the portals of prevailing day ;
The early Lark now chants her joyous lay,
And Sol's bright rays aslant the wood-lands beam.
'Tis now I love to wander o'er the mead,
When the mild zephyrs sweep the dewy plain ;
To watch the wild-goats as on th' hills they feed ;
To hear the Blackbird and the Linnet's strain ;
Beneath the shade to play my Doric reed,
And with my song to charm the sylvan reign.

SONNET.



AND who would rob the Poet of his bays,
Or blight the wreath that twines around his brow ?
Deck not his urn with dark December's bough,
But give the Bard his tributary praise.
Ye who beguile your evenings with his lays,
Little think of the pains that pierce his heart ;
The wounds that bleed from Envy's pointed dart ;
The woes that spoil the summer of his days.
Ye Patrons of the British Muse, arise !
And save the intellectual spark from Death ;
Beneath the grasp of Penury it dies,
Nipt by Oppression's keen pestiferous breath :
O give the Bard the meed that does belong
To every offspring of the Muse of song.

ON A LOCK OF HAIR.



THOU fond memorial of my peerless maid !
I prize thee more than gold and costly gems,
That pearl the glittering crowns and diadems
Of Potentates in pomp and state array'd.
Thy auburn tints my faithless mem'ry aid,
And bring to mind each sweetly-pleasing hour,
Which we have spent beneath the sylvan bow'r
When by the purling rivulet we stray'd.
Thou fondest token of her changeless love,
While Absence pains my sadly-mournful heart,
Thou canst, thou dost Elysian joys impart,
And in my grief a welcome solace prove :
Come then, I'll wear thee next my throbbing breast,
And with thee feel myself supremely blest.

Spring.

MILD is the breath of sweet returning Spring,
 The dappled daisies on the mead appear ;
 The Cuckoo hails the welcome new-born year,
 And all the feather'd choir to Flora sing.
 The laurel-wreath and fragrant garland bring,
 And crown Vertumnus with propitious love,
 While fitful sun-beams glisten from above,
 And smiling woodlands with wild music ring.
 Emblem of Heav'n ! thy rosy-bosom'd morn,
 Prophetic of a Spring that never ends ;
 Where harmony with love and beauty blends,
 Invites my footsteps o'er the spangled lawn ;
 Thy lovely scenes my fainting Muse inspires,
 And bids me sweep anew my harps soft-varying wires.

SUMMER.



SOFT blows the breeze athwart the dewy plain,
The early Lark awakes her matin song ;
While o'er the smiling fields I muse along,
Charm'd with her sweetly-varying strain.
The breathless hind now toils in ceaseless pain,
And burning Phœbus shoots his cloudless rays,
Parching the earth with his ethereal blaze ;
While panting herds beneath his beams complain.
How sweet the umbrage of some cooling shade,
The fountain pure, and the imbow'ring grove ;
'Tis sweet to wander in the myrtle-glade,
Or in the depths of some lone wood to rove,
With sweet Retirement, fair sequester'd Maid,
The darling Nymph of all-inspiring Love.

AUTUMN.



Now the brown fields with golden beauty wave,
The flowing harvest crowns the vernal year ;
Wak'd by the Huntsman's horn, the beamy deer,
Starts from the shade, and meets a timely grave.
Lo ! on the yellow hills the lowing thrave,
Unconscious of their fate, carelessly feed ;
The fleecy flocks adorn the ample mead,
And smiling Fortune all her sons enslave :
Now fair Pomona, crown'd with tasteful fruit,
Waves her bright sickle o'er the golden plain,
And cheers my spirit with her sylvan lute,
Her tuneful song and wild mellifluous strain ;
While o'er my cot sweeps the Autumnal breeze,
And shakes the foilage from the fading trees.

WINTER.



The blust'ring wind now sweeps along the plain,
And whistles in the lonely Village-tow'r ;
The Robin shelters in the naked bow'r,
And craves his morsel of the artless swain.
Now descends the large impetuous rain,
In rapid torrents from the black'ning skies ;
The chilling dews from the cold earth arise,
And spoil the pleasures of the sylvan reign.
The fleecy snow, so delicately white,
Fringes the leafless trees and clothes the ground ;
And hardy Frost, viewless as the echo-sound,
Congeals the earth with his puissant might ;
All nature mourns o'er the expiring year,
'Till lovely Spring and smiling May appear.

HYMNS.

TO THE DEITY.



SOURCE of Effulgent light divine !
Fountain of pure seraphic love !
Might, majesty, and power are thine,
On earth beneath, and heaven above.
Infinite, uncreated Lord !
The self-existent God art Thou !
All things that live, live by thy Word,
And Angels to thy sceptre bow.

Thou sovereign, universal King !
Thou Potentate of earth and skies !
To Thee the seraph-hosts shall sing,
When earth and hell in ruin lies !

To Thee they bring their choicest strains,
 To Thee they tune th' angelic lyre ;
 And loud throughout Heav'n's starry plains,
 Extol the GREAT ETERNAL SIRE !

Heaven is thy everlasting throne,
 And earth thy lowly footstool Lord ;
 Thy kingdom spreads from Zone to Zone ;
 Firm as a rock thy changeless word.
 Thou sittest in the realms above,
 Encircled with immortal light,
 Enthron'd in dignity and love,
 And cloth'd with majesty and might !

Thy crown is of the purest gold,
 Unfading as thy deathless name ;
 Thy crystal throne was built of old,
 To everlasting still the same.

In thy celestial diadem
Mercy and Love, shine brightest there ;
While Grace and Truth thy sceptre gem,
Compassion fills the fragrant air.

Cherubim and Seraphim surround
The temple of the mighty God ;
Amaz'd they fall upon the ground,
And tremble at thy awful nod.
And lo ! each veils his sinless face,
Behind his snowy spreading wing ;
Loud they extol thy matchless grace,
And Jesu's mighty conquests sing.

Then all the Sanctities of light,
The Elders, and the sons of Grace,
The pure Intelligences bright,
And all the blood-besprinkled race,

Worship before thy hallow'd shrine ;
Prostrate at thy feet they fall,
Enrob'd in purity divine,
And feel that God is ALL in ALL !

Now the victorious palm they wave,
And shout Salvation to the Lamb,
Triumphant o'er the ghastly grave ;
They sing and laud the great I AM !
With Death and Hell beneath their feet,
Deep sunk in everlasting night ;
Where Demons find a glad retreat,
And tremble at thy kingly might.

The pow'r, the praise, the glory thine,
Long as the tide of ages roll ;
When suns and moons shall cease to shine,
Thy arm shall all thy foes control.

Thrice holy, Triune God and Lord!
Accept the tribute that I bring ;
Be thou by angel-hosts ador'd,
Thou sovereign, everlasting King!

ON THE OMNIPOTENCE OF GOD.



IMMUTABLE, Almighty Lord!
Essential, everlasting King!
Thou art the great omnific Word.
And angel-choirs thy glories sing.

The blissful armies of the sky,
Thy dread Omnipotence confess;
At thy behest they swiftly fly,
The wand'ring sons of men to bless.

The beauteous face of nature fair,
The smiling fields and roseate bow'r;
Thy sovereign Wisdom, Lord, declare,
And show the greatness of thy Pow'r.

The azure vault and spangled sky,
The planetary system wide,
Proclaim thy peerless Majesty,
And sink to nought all human pride.

The glittering orbs thy Power display,
When marshall'd on the plains of night ;
And all thy saints thy word obey,
And glory in thy conqu'ring might.

The golden sun that rules the day,
The moon that silvers o'er the plain,
Thy dread Omnipotence display,
And prove thy universal reign.

Th' infuriate storm when raging high,
The thunder and the forked fire ;
The gloomy and bewilder'd sky
To show thy Pow'r do all conspire.

In Hell thy matchless Pow'r is known,
 Thou righteous, sin-avenging God !
 'The hopeless damn'd thy justice own,
 And bow beneath thy scourging rod.

Oh ye ! who on His arm rely
 In dread temptation's fiery hour ;
 Your weakness He does all descry,
 And He will save you by his Pow'r.

Ye faithful soldiers of the cross,
 In all your fightings cease to fear ;
 For Christ consider all things loss,
 And wipe away the trembling tear.

The Lord is mighty for the fight,
 Omnipotence shall be His shield !
 Who can withstand His kingly might ;
 Demons and Fiends must to Him yield.

And Hell is but His conquer'd foe,
Devils lie vanquish'd at His feet !
And all the sons of men below,
Shall know His vict'ry is complete.

Hail ! everlasting God and King !
Fountain of life, and love divine ;
Thy countless attributes I sing,
For Power, and Might, and Praise, are thine.

ON THE OMNISCIENCE OF GOD.



ALL-infinite ! all-perfect Lord !
Incomprehensible art Thou !
All things existed by thy Word,
And heaven, and earth before Thee bow.

Thy Wisdom form'd this mighty globe,
And built the azure vault on high ;
Thou dost the leafless trees enrobe,
And beautify the cloudless sky.

Thy Wisdom form'd the plan divine,
On which our pardon we receive;
Thou didst thyself in flesh enshrine,
And *die* that Man through Thee might *live*.

Thy bright Omniscient eye descries,
The latent secrets of the heart ;
So pure, so infinitely wise,
Thou canst not from thyself depart.

Beyond the precincts of old Time,
Thy all-pervading mind can see ;
The various casts of every clime,
Are known Omniscient God to Thee !

Teach me to do thy righteous will,
To walk in Wisdom's ways divine ;
In me the promises fulfil,
And make, and stamp, and seal me thine !

ON THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.



SPIRIT of Spirits! Lord of all!
Thy presence fills eternal space;
Astonish'd at thy feet I fall,
And wonder at thy matchless grace.

Before the earth's foundations stood,
Or ere the stars their being knew,
Thou sat'st above the spacious flood,
With earth and hell before thy view.

When ancient Night upheld her reign,
Lord of Confusion's gloomy cell;
Ere glow'd the firmamental train,
Or planets could their orbits tell:

When Chaos, sable-vested king,
And Darkness, monarch of the deep,
Circled th' abyss with raven-wing,
And Discord crown'd the general sleep:

Thou sat'st enthron'd in endless light,
With boundless space before thine eye;
Enrob'd with power and kingly might,
The Omnipresent Deity.

Thou fill'st the regions of the air,
Eternity's thy dwelling-place;
And all thy works thy impress bear.
Thou God of nature and of grace.

All things, O Lord, are full of Thee,
Great is thy name thou God of love!
Thy spirit fills immensity,
And Heav'n's boundless realms above.

How shall I from thy Spirit fly ?
Thou Omnipresent God and Lord !
Thou dost my thoughts and ways descry,
And findest out my every word.

If on the wings of Faith I rise,
Beyond the starry fields of light ;
Or sink beneath the sapphire skies,
And sound the dark abyss of night.

Thy Omnipresent eye is there,
And does my every thought perceive ;
'Thou art in every breath of air,
And all things in Thee move and live.

If on the wings of morning-light,
I fly to earth's remotest bounds,
I can't escape thy piercing sight,
'Thy presence still my soul surrounds.

And if in Hell I make my bed,
Thy flaming eyes will pierce me through ;
I cannot hide my sinful head,
From thy all-comprehending view.

O may this all-important truth,
Influence my heart, my life, my tongue !
May it impress my thoughtless youth,
And curb the wand'rings of my song !

May I reverence thy great Name,
And love the records of thy grace ;
For Thou art every where the same,
Filling immensity of space.

ON THE LOVE OF GOD.



THOU God of everlasting Love !
Thou great Incarnate Deity !
Cherubic choirs and saints above,
Derive their happiness from Thee.

Thy love is like thy changeless name,
Incomprehensible—unknown !
To all eternity the same,
Unshaken as thy splendid throne.

High as the starry throne of night,
Wide as infinity thy love ;
Deep as the great abyss of light,
And boundless as the realms above.

No finite mind can ever tell
 The height, the depth of Love Divine,
 Thy love immense, unspeakable,
 In all thy dispensations shine.

E'en angel-minds with all their pow'rs,
 Thy everlasting love can't sound;
 'Tis this pure flame that kindles ours,
 When in the chains of Satan bound.

So great thy love to Adam's race,
 Thou left'st thy Father's throne on high ;
 And magnified thy matchless grace,
 That helpless Man might never die !

Incarnate, uncreated Lord !
 Thy sinless soul in flesh was veil'd ;
 The Father's co-eternal Word,
 O'er all the Pow'rs of Hell prevail'd. ~

And died to save a faithless world,
 From darkness and the Second Death ;
 And Satan from his kingdom hurl'd,
 Triumphant with thy latest breath.

The bleeding cross explains thy love,
 Beyond the reach of angel-minds ;
 It awes the seraph-hosts above,
 The Stygian Wolf in fetters binds.

Long as the tide of ages roll,
 Thy everlasting love shall stand ;
 And spread its waves from pole to pole,
 Until it fills the thirsty land.

Thy kingdom over all shall reign,
 Thou Lamb of God's unchanging love ;
 Thy princely power thou shalt maintain,
 Enthron'd in majesty above.

ON THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

ALL-GRACIOUS, everlasting Lord!
I come thy mighty Name to praise ;
Encourag'd by thy changeless word,
To give to Thee my youthful days.

Thy hand divine in all I see,
And own the justice of thy rod ;
In kindness thou chastiseth me,
To bring my wand'ring soul to God.

I kiss the hand my ways control,
And know it chastens me in love ;
To purify this guilty soul,
To bring me to His courts above.

When cast upon the world's wide sea,
Expos'd to ev'ry wind and wave ;
Friendless I found a friend in Thee,
Who sav'd me from a timeless grave.

When o'er my head the billows roll'd,
And starless was the midnight-sky ;
When far I wander'd from the fold,
Thy Mercy cast a pitying eye.

Thy Providence was then my guide,
My Father and my faithful Friend ;
Who led me through the desert wild,
And bade me on His love depend.

In sickness Thou didst make my bed,
Thou great Physician of the soul ;
At thy command the fever fled,
Thy arm did every foe control.

All praise to thy eternal Name,
In earth, and skies, and heaven above ;
Angels thy glory shall proclaim,
Thou God of pure unchanging love !

ON THE HOLINESS OF GOD.



AGAIN would I attempt to sing
Thy Name and Nature, God of love !
To Thee my feeble tribute bring,
And join the seraph-hosts above.

I know I cannot, Lord, explain
The nature of my spotless Sire ;
The sacred doctrine I profane,
E'en when I sweep my solemn lyre.

But oh ! instruct my fault'ring tongue,
That I may sing thy wond'rous name ;
Inspire my consecrated song,
And then I'll spread thy deathless fame.

Thou art the fountain of all bliss,
 The source of all our joys below ;
 Thy goodness is that great abyss,
 From whence our sunless blessings flow.

Thou art the fount of purity,
 Essence of Holiness divine !
 Infinite grace resides in Thee,
 Thou dost the sons of light outshine.

Thou art immaculate and pure,
 The viewless, undivided One ;
 Thy spotless nature shall endure,
 When earth and skies are "fled and gone."

The emanations of thy mind,
 Evince thy purity of soul ;
 In Thee thy faithful people find,
 That grace which makes the sin-sick whole.

O for one spark of living light !
One beam from the ETERNAL SUN !
To chase away this death-like night,
That I may still my journey run.

One drop of Holiness divine,
From Thee, the sea of light and life ;
Would make me in thy image shine,
And end this diabolic strife.

Give me thyself, supernal King !
And fill my soul with sacred love ;
Then on some Seraph's eagle-wing,
Transport me to the world above !

ON THE JUSTICE OF GOD.



GREAT is the God that reigns on high,
His frown is terrible as death ;
The Stygian host before Him fly,
Parch'd by His anger's fiery breath.

His Holiness and Truth compel
His arm to wield the glittering sword ;
To thrust his rebel foes to Hell,
Who violate the sacred word.

His wrath is a consuming fire,
A ceaseless, ever-during flame ;
And dreadful is His incens'd ire,
To all who hate the Saviour's name.

Justice is His reluctant work,
He loves to save a sinful race ;
The Pagan, Infidel, and Turk,
May all obtain his pardoning grace.

Come then, ye sinners, and implore
Forgiveness of your injur'd Lord ;
His everlasting name adore,
And Jesus will your faith reward.

God can be just, and gracious too,
For Christ the mighty debt hath paid ;
The Gospel is the sacred clue,
And Faith the fair celestial Maid,

That leads us to the realms above,
To glory and undying bliss ;
Where streams of pure perennial love,
For ever flow from Heav'n's abyss.

Then come and fall before your Lord,
Cloth'd with humility and shame ;
Adoring, praise with one accord,
Jehovah's everlasting name.

ON THE MERCY OF GOD.



SIN has the race of Adam slew,
And sunk us in the shades of night ;
And still he does his prey pursue,
Unweari'd in the hellish flight.

Expos'd to everlasting death,
Close by the gates of Hell we lie ;
Soon as we yield our parting breath,
Our spirits into Tophet fly :

For we the righteous law have broke,
And made ourselves the heirs of Hell ;
Like Israel 'neath th' Egyptian yoke,
Or when at Baal's feet they fell.

The sin-condemning law of God,
Consigns us to the dark abyss ;
Where we endure his scourging rod,
Cut off from everlasting bliss.

White-rob'd Truth now interferes,
Declares the awful sentence just ;
Spotless Holiness next appears,
To ratify the sacred trust.

Then Justice, rising from his seat,
The fulfilment of the law requires ;
While Pity, bleeding at his feet,
To Heav'n with ardent prayer aspires.

Imploring pardon of her Lord,
With tender sympathetic sighs ;
Still Justice brandishes his sword,
And louder still for vengeance cries.

MERCY, to set the captives free,
Leaves the bright portals of the sky ;
“ Sheath,” she exclaims, “ the sword in me,
And I will for the sinner die”!

For us she spills her crimson blood,
For us she intercedes on high ;
Between our sins and God she stood,
To calm offended Majesty !

Then Truth pronounc'd the scheme divine,
While spotless Holiness was clear ;
Justice and Mercy equal shine,
And all with lustre bright appear.

The sacred attributes conspire,
To extol Jehovah's deathless name ;
While all Heav'n's Sanctities admire
The great Immanuel's endless fame.

CRUCIFIXION.



THE Saviour of a sinful race,
 To save the creatures he has made,
 Did magnify his richer grace,
 In sinless majesty array'd ;
 And left the seraph-hosts above,
 To snatch the brands from endless fire ;
 And quench'd them in his bleeding love,
 Forgetful of his incens'd ire.

Behold Him on th' accursed tree !
 He bears the universal load,
 Our weight of sin and misery ;
 To bring us to his blest abode.

With dying glory on his brow,
He breathes the last triumphant word ;
Angels and men before Him bow,
And worship their Almighty Lord !

All nature trembled at his groan,
The sun conceal'd his frighted head ;
The rocks and skies their Maker own,
His dying cry revives the dead !
But soon his unconquerable pow'r
Dissolves the iron chains of Death ;
And lo ! the long-expected hour,
Proclaims the virtue of his breath.

See Him ascending from the tomb,
In all the pomp of victory ;
Now He dispels the hellish gloom,
And captive leads captivity.

Behold Him on his Father's throne !
The seraph-choirs his praises sing ;
And all the hosts of Angels own,
“ The Lord is God !—The Lord is King ! ”

In glorious majesty he reigns,
And pleads his merit and his blood ;
His thankless creatures he sustains,
Who live forgetful of their God :
And he will ever bless his own ;
Their names are written on his hands ;
Humanity's before the throne,
And Heav'n obeys his wise commands.

HYMN OF PRAISE.



PARENT of good ! thy name we sing,
And bow before thy august throne;
To thee our sacrifice we bring,
Who did for all our sins atone :
Awake ! awake ! the living lyre,
To praise the world's PRIMEVAL SIRE !

The saints and all the hosts above,
Extol thy everlasting grace ;
They burn with pure seraphic love,
When they behold the Saviour's face :
From east to west resounds thy name,
And Angels swell the loud acclaim !

The creatures, Lord, thy hands have made,
 Show forth thy power and kingly might ;
 The desert wild and verdant blade,
 The sun, that source of living light,
 The moon, and all the stars above,
 Conspire to praise the God of love.

O for some Seraph's golden lyre,
 To sound through earth and skies thy praise !
 Loud would I sweep each varying wire,
 And sing thy name in endless lays :
 Then would I join the angel-throng,
 And sing the never-ending song.

Let praise to thy lov'd Name be giv'n,
 In earth and in the realms above ;
 While all the Sanctities of Heav'n,
 Extol thy pure creative love :
 All things that breathe " Praise ye the Lord !"
 Praise Him on earth with one accord.

Praise ye the Lord, ye hosts above,
 Praise Him, ye Nations of the earth ;
 Praise ye the Sire of endless love,
 Praise Him in hymns of sacred mirth :
 Praise ye the Holy Triune Three,
 Praise God to all ETERNITY!

ERRATA.

- In line 10, page 35, for extatic, read ecstatic.
 In line 3, page 56, for extacy, read ecstasy.
 In line 4, page 60, for flame, read fame.
 In line 6, page 74, for minstrels, read minstrelsy.
 In line 16, page 74, for Acadialus, read Acidalus.
 In line 13, page 76, for lovely, read lonely.
 In line 13, page 76, for sung, read song.
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